



**SAYS  
THE EDITOR**

**WE SHOUT WITH GLEE AT  
BECHDOLT'S PLAN TO  
PARK OCEAN AVENUE**

THE CYMBAL shouts with great and unsuppressible glee at Fred Bechdolt's decision to wipe the parked cars off the center of Ocean avenue and put trees and shrubs and flowers in their place.

We know of no one move for a change in the physical aspect of the city that would meet with our greater approval at the moment.

As Bech says, Carmel has left at least its beauty and simplicity. Let us keep it as long as we can; let us augment it, as this proposal would, as soon as we can.

From the standpoint of traffic improvement it is a masterful idea. It will mean something bordering on sensible use of Ocean avenue by automobiles from now on.

The plan for a parking limit at the curbs is also a good move.

Clara Kellogg says the business people will lift their voices in loud protest. If they do, they're silly and know not on which side of their whole wheat oleomargarine is. While the ban on parking in the middle of the street may lead you to believe that prospective customers of the stores will be shuttled off Ocean avenue entirely, the actual fact is that they will get more chance to park on Ocean avenue during the heavy traffic periods. If cars must be moved out and away from the curb and proceed on their way every so often, just every so often will prospective store visitors find a place for themselves.

But, even so, it isn't a matter of such terrible anguish to have to walk a block or two to the place you aim to reach. And on your walk you'll be passing all kinds of shops and shop windows. Also, you don't have to carry off your heavy grocery goods from the majority of the stores. They'll deliver them for you. They usually make their price marks care for that. As for the cash-and-carry stores, there are not so many of them, and they will just have to take it, that's all. If over the year you yourself find you are paying a bit more to have your goods delivered, you can put that down to what you should be willing to pay for living in a beautiful city. There are a lot of things in this town we should pay for and don't. Suppose you lived in South San Francisco.

**BACH FESTIVAL MEANS MORE  
TO CARMEL THAN ANY  
OTHER ACTIVITY**

In this issue of THE CYMBAL you will find announcement by Dene Denny and Hans Watrous of the personnel and general program of the Fourth Annual Bach Festival to be held in Carmel July 18 to 24, inclusive.

Words are fickle things for expressing Carmel's appreciation of the annual Bach festivals; to try to give any sort of a clear idea of what the annual Bach festivals mean to Carmel.

Last year and the year before there actually was a certain amount of hesitancy on the part of the city council of Carmel in granting an appropriation of \$70 for advance publicity for the Bach Festival. This year the Carmel Business Association actually had to think a week or two before it could decide what, in

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## Bach Festival Personnel, Program Announced

# CARMEL CYMBAL

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CARMEL, CALIFORNIA - MAY 6, 1938

5 CENTS

## Bechdolt To Scoop Parked Cars Out of Center of Ocean Avenue

### The First Long Notes of the Choral Are Sounding on the Night

By LYNDA SARGENT

Now the tide of the year has turned and let the winter be forgot. Let spring, the inconstant, hang her foolish head in shame, so that she may give way to the greater march of summer: the brown hill, the great fogs, the exciting new faces on the streets. Let the peccant world of the terrible wars and their guttings, the spread diseases, the hunger, abate a season. Let us lift up our faces to beatitude, hearing already where we go the first long notes of a choral on the night as the silver-singing trombones bring back to Carmel the fourth festival of the music of Bach.

I shall try to make you catch a glimpse of what it would be like if you were to come to Carmel for the first time on the afternoon of July 18, 1938. When you turn off the main highway where the black and white sign reads CARMEL, you will come at once under the spell of the tall Monterey pines, their needles of tarnished gilt from the indite-

ment of the day's old sun, penile and still; the village on its shelf of sand quiescent below: the great sea at hand.

Not a discreet vision, this, but on a summer evening seeming like a big lazy ruminant cropping away at the land. Nibbling at arrogant Point Pinos, slapping up old Lobos, grazing with blunt snout at the Carmel Beach. Whelp of the omn-

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The following is a sketch of the way the Fourth Annual Bach Festival, to be held in Carmel July 18-24, inclusive, under the Denny-Watrous Management, has already taken shape. Other performers than these are yet to be engaged. To date:

Conductor, Gastone Usigli.  
Guest Conductor, Sascha Jacobinoff.  
Assistant Conductor, Bernard Callery.  
Soprano: Alice Mock, Viola Morris.  
Contralto: Victoria Anderson.  
Tenor: Andrew Semak.  
Bass: Allen Watson, Noel Sullivan.  
Pianists: Ralph Lindsey, Antoinette Detchewe, Anne Greene, Adolf Teichert, Mary Walker.  
Violinists: To be announced.  
Cellists: Jean Crouch.  
Flutist: Grace Thomas.  
Organist: John McDonald Lyon.  
Lecturer: Alfred Frankenstein.

At five evening and two afternoon concerts the following music will be rendered:

The B Minor Mass—one of the first, if not the first, parts of this great work in this part of the world.  
The Magnificat.  
At least one major Violin Concerto; perhaps two.  
G Minor Piano Concerto; Antoinette Detchewe at the piano.  
The Four-Piano Concerto with Anne Greene, Adolf Teichert, Mary Walker and Ralph Lindsey interpreting.  
The Brandenburgs 3, 4 and 6.  
The A Major Sonatas for Flute: Grace Thomas.  
The D Major Suite for 12 parts; also B Minor and C Major Suites. Orchestra.  
Sacred Songs and Chorals by the Chorus.  
Chorals by the Four Trombones for a half-hour preceding each performance.  
Two organ recitals.  
The completed program will be published as soon as available.  
And, incidentally, there will be a nation-wide NBC broadcast this year, as there was last.

### Carmel Players Star Gets Film Contract

Dorothy Coningore, one of the loveliest girls ever to come to Carmel, and who has been easily the most successful on our amateur stage of any new arrivals, is going to Hollywood on a Warner Brothers contract. Dorothy took a screen test two weeks ago, and yesterday she received the contract. The test was arranged for her by Chick McCarthy, director of the Carmel Players.

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### League Officials Welcomed Back From Meet

Back from the convention of the National League of Women Voters held lately in St. Louis, Mrs. Carl Voss, state president, Miss Orre Huesting, member of the state board; Mrs. Thomas Emmons, Mrs. Russell Scott and Miss Elizabeth Lamson, state executive secretary, will be welcomed home at a tea next Wednesday, May 11, by the Monterey County League.

The delegates will report on the convention, and tea will be a festive occasion for so serious a group of people. It will take place at Normandy Inn at 3 o'clock. Reservations may be made at once with Mrs. Joseph Hooper in Carmel, Mrs. S. S. Page in Monterey, or Mrs. Eugene O'Meara in Pacific Grove.

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### LEAGUE OF WOMEN VOTERS PLAN DINNER MAY 17

Dinner instead of a luncheon will be the regular monthly occasion in May for the League of Women Voters to get together and eat and hear speech. It will be held at Pine Inn at 7 o'clock Tuesday, May 17, and will feature Richard M. Neustadt, regional director of the Social Security Board, speaking on some phase of his work.

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### DEATH OF EARL GRAFT DIES AT SAN JOSE HOME

Mrs. Mima Graft, aunt of Earl Graft of the Carmel Dairy, died in San Jose last Sunday. Earl attended funeral services in San Jose on Tuesday. Mrs. Graft was the widow of George Graft, prominent in San Jose business life for many years.

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### PACIFIC GROVE RECTOR AT ALL SAINTS' SUNDAY

The Rev. Charles R. Greenleaf, rector of St. Mary's-by-the-Sea in Pacific Grove, will be the guest preacher at this Sunday's services in All Saints' Church, as announced by the Rev. C. J. Hulewé, rector of the church, this week.

### COUNCIL BACKS PLAN TO GIVE STREET BACK TO BEAUTY

Frederick R. Bechdolt, our new commissioner of police, who writes for magazines for a living and presumably is now serving on the city council for the sheer joy of the thing, rolled up his sleeves at the council meeting Wednesday night and furthered the fullness of his life.

He swept parked machines off the middle of Ocean avenue from Mission street to Monte Verde. He raised trees and shrubs and flowers in their stead. He set a time limit on all curb parking on Ocean avenue and Dolores street. He put a new man on the police force to handle traffic exclusively for three months during the summer. He added another to police the beach for the same period. He gave the police taxicabs to transport prisoners in safety to Monterey. He put signs at the entrances to the beach, warning against violations of city ordinances.

Figuratively, he did this; that is, he so recommended, but there is every reason to believe he will have his way. Council action Wednesday night went so far as to authorize the city attorney to draw up a new or amended traffic ordinance to embrace his major point, and tentative assurance was given him that his other proposals would be made into law.

And while he was shooting recommendations to the council he was embroidering them with cryptic phrases. He minced no words. He resorted to no vacillations in expressing his opinions about what he wanted. For instance, he dropped gems like these:

"We've been dodging this central parking issue for years. I'm ready to face it now!"

"The business men may object, but no organized minority can raise any hell with me. And I'm not grandstanding, either."

"The business people aren't all the people of Carmel."

"For a while this thing may be intensely unpopular. A lot of people will yell their heads off."

"We have the most abominable traffic situation in America right here in Carmel."

"The AAA tells me that we have more small automobile accidents per capita in Carmel than in any other town in the state."

"Those trees down the center of Ocean avenue mean more to Carmel than all the week-end cars we ever had."

Thus Mr. Bechdolt, with Councilman Everett Smith and Gordon Campbell standing apparently solidly behind him. And Councilman Clara Kellogg as apparently scared to death about what the business

(Continued on Page Eleven)



view of other claims upon it, it could contribute to the Festival publicity fund. The association voted \$50 for the purpose at its last meeting.

Someday, if some tactless person drags out records of these facts, Carmel will be aghast. Someday it will be almost unbelievable that Carmel's city government, or any organization of normally-minded human beings in Carmel, should have hesitated a moment, or given any hesitating thought to such a matter.

There should be no economical limit to which Carmel should go in material support of this annual event. It means more to this city and to this community than anything that has ever been conceived or executed within our boundaries.

The annual Bach Festivals consummate the dream of ideal publicity for a community conceived as Carmel was. The Bach Festivals bring to our city and to the Monterey Peninsula the kind of people that thousands of dollars of chamber of commerce or business organization advertising could never hope to bring. They draw to Carmel the kind of people whose conception of life and the fullness of it is identical with the hopes and ideals of those who made up the first small group of Carmel citizens. Remaining here they raise the level of our vaunted culture.

Someday Dene Denny and Hazel Watrous will be names to conjure with in Carmel. They have given us something that makes Carmel unique among western cities of America; giving us fame that compensates over and over again for all the silly, asinine nonsense with which fate and the twisted mentality of newspaper correspondents have humiliated us.

And while Dene and Hazel are making the first official Bach Festival announcement, THE CYMBAL desires to announce its Fourth Annual Bach Festival Edition to be published July 15 this year. Last year's Bach Festival Edition of THE CYMBAL was a beautiful thing. We are arrogant enough to believe that the several thousand copies which were bought and broadcast throughout the country contribute a relatively high degree of something worth while for Carmel. Someone saw a copy being assiduously read in Florence, Italy, and another was discovered on a library table in a home in Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts.

The Fourth Annual Bach Festival Edition of THE CYMBAL will be still more beautiful, still greater a contribution to the glory of the Festival and to the widespread publicity which holds Carmel in its proper sun.

#### THIS A SAMPLE OF THE CHEAPEST KIND OF JOURNALISM

No more marked example of cheap, dishonest journalism has been presented for the amazement of the Carmel public than that represented by last week's issue of the Pine Cone, Carmel's self-styled traditional newspaper.

While the city council, at its meeting last week, devoted considerable time and many words to criticism of the local tap rooms, the Pine Cone's news story of the council meeting, complete in every other detail, made not one single mention of the fact. While Commissioner of Police Frederick Bechdolt was requested by the council to instruct the chief of police to warn the tap room owners against violation of the liquor law, not one mention was made of this official act in the Pine Cone's story of the city council meeting.

This display of dishonest journal-

ism was done on the orders of the owners of the Pine Cone—James L. Cockburn and his son, Ranny. We know this just as certainly as though we had a sworn admission to the fact from them. We know it because Frank Lloyd wrote that council story and Frank Lloyd is an ethical newspaperman. He wrote it as he was ordered to write it. He eliminated all reference to the tap rooms because he was ordered to eliminate it. He wrote it as he was ordered to write it by his bosses, the elder of whom is bringing to Carmel the tactics and methods of Honolulu bankers and sugar planters, tactics that have, and still do, suppress and distort news day after day in the Honolulu daily newspapers which they own.

And we are sorry for Frank Lloyd. It's pretty tough to be honest and decent and have prostitution forced upon you.

—W. K. B.

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#### FLORENCE LEIDIG GETTING HER MARKET MOVED

Florence Leidig has moved into a temporary location in the Burnham building on Dolores street, near Eighth. When this story was written there was a string of cans, bottles, bright green vegetables, sacks of flour and what not trailing down Dolores between Ocean and Eighth. When this story is read, we expect the last label will be tacked into place and the last can stacked in its neat little pyramid and all the customers finding the new Leidig's with not so much as a block's miscalculation.

The Bank of Carmel will occupy the corner site of the grocery store. Something quite splendid in concrete and steel will soon struggle up through the earth and bear plate-glass windows and metal doors, and the rambling wooden structure painted with orange and black will be somebody's ample winter wood pile.

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#### MOTHER'S DAY TEA PLANNED AT COMMUNITY CHURCH

A Mother's Day tea will be given on Sunday afternoon from 4 to 6 o'clock in the parlors of the Community Church by the Women's Auxiliary. The program and arrangements are in charge of Mrs. Victor Graham, Mrs. Howard Timbers and Mrs. Carroll Carson. Music numbers by a young people's chorus and piano selections by Mrs. Emma Evans will be included in the program. Mrs. Jettie Tuthill will be in charge of the decorations. A general invitation is extended to come in honor of mothers, and those who attend will be asked to give a penny offering equal to their mother's age.

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#### WOMAN'S CLUB SECTION READS BOOKS WORTH \$100

Fast and furious bidding went on at the book section auction of the Carmel Woman's Club Wednesday morning with Mrs. H. S. Nye acting as auctioneer. Before the books were put up, Mrs. Rose C. Miller, chairman of the section, told the members that they had had the pleasure of reading about \$100 worth of good books during the year. Three-fourths of these belonged to the Club and the other fourth were loaned.

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#### CUB SCOUTS TRY THEIR HANDS AT WIENIES

Thirty boys of the Pack 86 Cub Scouts held a wienie roast at Cook's Cove yesterday afternoon. The arrangements were under the direction of Joe Catherwood, Cub scout master, assisted by Mrs. D. A. Pelton and Mrs. B. F. Drewes, den mothers.

## Wherein It Is Registered That We Think Spud Grey and Barbara Bare Are Actors

A gold medal to Spud Grey and orchids to Barbara Bare.

That's our list of prizes for most successful participants in "Three Men on a Horse," the Holm-Abbott comedy presented with speed, precision and generously-distributed hilarity by the Carmel Players at the Filmarte Theatre over the final half of last week.

Our plaudits may fall with slightly different reasons but they plummet with accuracy of aim. Grey proved a natural as the lead; to Barbara belongs the credit for accomplishing what was plainly the most difficult job.

It depended on Spud Grey to carry the show to the point of dramatic necessity and he scored 99 and 99/100 out of a possible hundred. It depended on Barbara Bare to hold up the timing and the tempo when on three occasions she walked the stage alone and she did that most trying job with perfection.

It's not so hard to work fast or, which is the stage side of it, to seem to work fast, when you've got two or three other characters to spur you along with their buffets of lines. It's an entirely different thing to keep the set pace up to proper mileage when you work with yourself and the properties alone. That difficult job, easy, perhaps, to a professional, but generally far beyond the powers of an amateur, Barbara did with the professional touch. Never for a moment when Barbara was alone on the stage did the necessary tempo fall. As we write we think just orchids is not enough—an apple box of orchids to Barbara.

As for Grey, he maintained his character of the somewhat dazed, but conscientious human being from his first appearance in the living room to his Father's Day inspiration in the bedroom of the tough guys, leaping out of it to a characteristic flair of anger and injured pride in the final act. With some 15 years of play-seeing in Carmel behind me, but still verdant in memory, I am ready and gladly willing to say that I have never seen a more consistent piece of fine acting on the amateur stage in this community.

Others in the cast who contributed surprising stage ability to the whole were Dick Bare, Frank Hefling, Del Page and Artie Lane. By Ford contributed a stage ability that is neither new or surprising. He was perfectly cast for his part and swung his responsibility around his head with the ease and confidence we have seen him display so many times. Bill O'Donnell, who is admittedly a good city editor of a daily newspaper, is now admittedly a crackerjack of an actor. He's in a tight spot now. That day he decided to show The Carmel Players what he could do (and perhaps surprise himself with it) he sealed his fate on this man's peninsula. He's in for some dividing of his activities henceforth. He can't get away with his "If that's for me I'm not here." They'll just walk in and get him.

Geraldine Spreckels was a disappointment. She simulated the cadaverous physical appearance required for the part of a gentleman's moll, who had feasted on chicken one week and feathers the next, but she failed to match it with an interchanging click of defiance, humility and abandon the part required. Her voice, too, weighed against her. Its consistently level high C was not the vehicle for many of her best lines which, as a consequence, failed

to get over the footlights.

However, "Three Men on a Horse" was the best thing the Carmel Players have done in a season of very good things, not only from the standpoint of good entertainment, but by reason of the fact that it brought out the largest percentage of good acting any of the casts have so far displayed. —W. K. B.

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## Rowntree's Pets Get Attention

Bernard Rowntree's alligator farm consists of three small creatures, definitely tabbed alligators by the San Francisco Zoo, and acquired accidentally, and none too welcome, after a series of defaults between the little boy for whom they were intended and whose mother does not like alligators and the young Rowntree who accepted them, but tired early.

Bernard tends these silent, and as yet very small animals, with that diffident care of a small brother for his yet smaller sister. He says he doesn't especially want the things, and he doesn't know what he's going to do with them when they get off their hamburger diet and look around for young kittens, etc., but just the same he has a swell big box for them, with grass growing in it and several ornamental cactus plants, besides, and he has a neat little heating plant because, he says, alligators will not eat unless they are warm, and he used to catch tadpoles for them, and he carries on a correspondence about them with the said S.F. Zoo... and he keeps them at his office... so maybe Mr. Rowntree has conceded them the affectionate place of domesticity at that.

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#### WALT PILOT SPONSORS CARMEL PLAYERS ON THE AIR WAVES

Walt's Dairy is sponsoring a radio program for the Carmel Players to be given over KDON every Tuesday evening at 8:45 o'clock. The workshop groups will participate in the program.

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#### BADMINTON BUFFET SUPPER DRAWS 40 ENTHUSIASTS

About 40 people attended the successful Badminton Buffet Supper held in the cocktail room at the Mission Ranch Club recently. At one end of the room, which was decorated with flowers and lighted tapers, was a long super table. Following the supper the guests played badminton and bridge. So much enthusiasm was shown that the club plans to have one of these parties every month.

## Carmel People At Tuberculosis Meeting

A group of 50 people attended the meeting of the Monterey County Tuberculosis Association in Hotel Jeffery, Salinas, Wednesday evening. Dr. F. Hilton Smith, retiring president, gave a review of the work of the association during the past year.

Mrs. Karl Rendtorff was recently appointed chairman of the Carmel committee. Other members of the committee include Mrs. Robert Erickson, Ernest R. Calley, Dr. Monica Briner and Dr. Marshall Carter. Anyone interested in co-operating with the local committee should contact Mrs. Rendtorff.

The next meeting of the association will be held in Salinas on September 14. The public is urged to attend.

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## SUNSET SCHOOL NEWS

Three motion pictures were shown to the pupils at Sunset School Monday. The titles were "The San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge," "Sea Life" and "Wings Over the West Indies."

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In the Boys' Baseball League at Sunset Dick Whitman's Wild Men are leading with two wins and the Demons and the Terrors are tied for second place with one win apiece. So far the Trojans are ahead in the Girls' League with the Bears following.

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Cymbal Classified Ads Pay—

#### AMBLER'S POTTERY SHOP

One Mile South of Salinas on the 101 Highway

An Ideal Place for Gifts

FEATURING a full line of

Exclusive Pottery

by the foremost Pottery Makers

BAUER WARE

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Early and Modern  
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Open Sundays and Evenings



## Every Sunday Is Mother's Day

TO EAT OUT

She Will Enjoy Our Sunday Dinner

... and Our Home-made Candies  
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BREAKFAST • LUNCH • DINNER

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## John and Mitzi Move to New Quarters

Edith Frisbie's solitary reign as queen over the portals of The Theatre of The Golden Bough will be brought to an end on May 20. The queen will continue to reign—but not alone in the silent halls of Theopha. John and Mitzi have started to repair and remodel the foyer of the building, over which Edith lives. They are going to have a Marionette Theatre all their own.

The design of the theatre is adapted from an old Munich theatre, one of the rare, simple and undecorative ones, minus the gilt cherubs and red plush drapes. An ingenious arrangement of lighting is being worked out. In the end, the complex back-stage will be an amazing accomplishment, with devices as multiple as the strings on a marionette.

"The Silver Bell" is the first play to be presented. It is an old play, originating in Munich generations ago, and told to little boys and timid girls to impress them with the pursuit of grace. The elaborate fairy tale was told to the Eatons by a friend. From this unwritten narrative, Mitzi has written a bit of whimsical and delightful story, undaunted by the threadbare plot of little Miss Sweetness and Light who gives the villain a bump on the nose for his evil eye. There are the exciting props of a witch with a brewing cauldron—it's full of poison, no less—and the Prince who is released from his spell of being a tree, and the gentle woodcutter, the dying old mother, and the wedding bells in the end.

John and Mitzi love having this theatre, in which they will give plays all summer long, but they are especially grateful to the friends whose enjoyment of their work this last year has encouraged them to open a theatre of their own.

—K. W.

## Betty Bryant Is Now in Books

Betty Bryant, that redoubtable Troupier of the Gold Coast, has set herself up in business. She looked a little rabbitish with pure panic just after she'd signed the contract yesterday, but Betty isn't the rabbitish sort really and can be easily brought around to normal—that being something different than your normal and mine.

She has bought the well-known and successful Macbeth Rental Library and will move it, pronto, up to a hot spot in Claribel Zuck's office. What will happen when those two gals get on the other side of the same whiffletree is scarcely to be predicted but it will be good. We can almost promise you things will be so amusing there that when you come out of the place you won't know whether you've rented a piece of land and bought a book or rented a book and bought the Bar X Ranch.

This goes into effect next Tuesday. Happy days, Betty! Incidentally, we are glad to report that Betty Bryant, who came to Carmel about two years ago, didn't come to stay a month and . . . She came here to spend the rest of her days, according to a long-dreamt dream.

—L. S.

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You can't advertise once in a blue moon and expect results. It's continuity of impression that counts in the long run. You're not talking to a mass meeting; you're talking to a parade.

## FOREST THEATER ACTION SOUGHT FROM COUNCIL; BUCK IS PASSED TO PARK COMMISSION

Gene Watson did his best at the council meeting Wednesday night to get some action on the Forest Theater.

"Outside of every other consideration," he said, "The city is losing revenue. We lost it last year; we'll lose it this year. The Serra Pageant planned to use the theater this year, and it can't. The Carmel Players wanted to use it, and can't. The Bach Festival wanted to use it, and can't. It seems to me that some action should be taken to put the Forest Theater into shape for use."

Watson refused to accept with perfect equanimity the statement of Councilman Clara Kellogg that action was up to the park and playground commission.

"But it's your commission," Watson said, "responsible to this council. Isn't there some way you can compel action from it?"

"Not any more than we can from the library board," answered Miss Kellogg.

"The library board's relation to the council is not the same as that of the park commission," replied Watson. "The library board has funds of its own on which to operate. The park commission is dependent on this council for appropriations."

James L. Cockburn expressed the thought that the council could politely suggest to the park commission that action on the Forest Theater would be received with pleasure by the council.

"Perhaps not a demand," he said, "But just a request for a report."

Watson couldn't see why not a demand, but the council finally asked George Whitcomb, member of the commission, present in the lobby, if he would convey to Corum Jackson, chairman of the commission, the wishes of the council that some report be made to it.

Whitcomb declined to make any official statement regarding the Monday night meeting of the commission at which the Forest Theater was the principal subject of discussion, because he did not feel he was authorized to do so, and, as it happened, he had been forced to leave the meeting before action was taken.

"I thought," he said, "That there would be a report from it sent to the council tonight. That is why I am here."

Council members also expressed surprise that there was no report.

Whitcomb did say unofficially that the commission planned to raise \$750 toward a necessary \$1500 to supplement WPA work, and would ask the council for the other \$750. That this amount for materials, along with the WPA's offer of \$5,000 worth of labor, would put the Forest Theater into permanent shape for the production of plays, is the opinion of the commission, Whitcomb said.

Miss Kellogg replied that the council felt it had given all it could out of the present treasury for improving the theater property.

Watson said that he believed the \$1500 could be raised by public subscription.

The outcome of the discussion was the request to Whitcomb that he tell Jackson that the council would appreciate some kind of a report from the park commission. **Went Skating Risk**

In appealing for action Watson referred to the letter, brought by Sonja Koehler, and signed by 226 pupils of Sunset School, asking that a roller skating floor be erected as part of playground equipment on

the Forest Theater property. Watson said he thought this was a legitimate request.

The council thought it a surprising request when Saidee Van Brower announced the number of signatures. It was something the council felt they ought to give proper consideration to. The letter, which is as follows, was referred to the park and playground commission:

To the City Council of Carmel, Dear Sirs:

The summer and also winter time will soon be here, and for us, who are not going away, the question arises: what to do with our time? We cannot be always on the beach, what with fog and other reasons. Some of us might find a chance to play on the one tennis court we have, but usually it is used by adults. That, already in winter so what can you expect in summertime? What does remain for us in recreation possibilities?

Most of us have roller skates, but without any opportunity to roll except on the sidewalks and these most of our parents don't allow us to use. All that taken into consideration we, the undersigned, are making this petition to the City Council to provide a skating place at the Forest Theater Playground and, if possible, to have it done before summer. The WPA would gladly do the work and the cost of the material could be met by giving out weekly or monthly passes at such a price, that every child's parent could afford it.

The children of the Sunset School would be very much obliged for your cooperation and are anxiously awaiting your answer.

Yours very truly,

SONJA KOEHLER  
AND OTHER PUPILS

Another matter relating to the Sunset School was that of the traffic signs on San Carlos street. Miss Kellogg brought it up with the assertion that there is much complaint against the stops at Eighth and Tenth because they are operative Saturdays, Sundays, holidays and during the summer vacation period when there is no school and no unusual hazard for children.

After a discussion pro and con regarding the value of the present signs, the matter was referred to the police commissioner for a recommendation.

**Wants To Build Jail**

Robert Stanton, architect de luxe, wants to build such a plebeian thing as a jail for Carmel. He said so in a letter to the council. He said he had had much experience with jails. So have we, but we couldn't build one of the damned things.

D. Bradburn and Peter Mawdsley each shoved in applications for the job of auditing the city's books for 1937. They both say they're good at such things. Bradburn said he'd charge \$25 a day and not more than \$450 for the whole job. The Shaff Brothers would call him some kind of a piker. Mawdsley didn't say how much he'd charge.

but he will when pinned down to it. He did say he already knows a lot about Carmel's affairs and we believe he does. He wouldn't start exactly from scratch on the job.

The budget ordinance, proposed by Councilman Campbell a week ago goes over for further consideration so that City Attorney Billy Hudson can find out whether or not Carmel councils have been spending advance money illegally. He has a hunch they have.

The public hearing on the new zoning ordinance was set for Wednesday evening, May 18, the same time as the next council meeting.

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## MRS. HALLER ALMOST GETS BYINGTON FORD'S HOUSE

Mrs. R. F. Haller, who with her husband formerly owned El Puma-dor on Dolores street, came back to Carmel for a visit this week and met up with trouble. By Ford is lucky it wasn't more trouble than it was. Mrs. Haller dropped in on a friend on Dolores street, halfway between Thirteenth and Santa Lucia, parking her car in front of the house, as one would. But as one shouldn't, she didn't pull her brake lever hard enough. So the car peregrinated—down Dolores—and at Santa Lucia aimed straight for Ruth Austin Ford's pink patio. But the aim wasn't so good. Not good enough to miss a pine tree. By's house is still intact, but Mrs. Haller's car isn't. Neither is her right knee. She fell and skinned that in her fruitless footrace to catch the car.

## Mighty Good Film At Filmarte

Dick Bare has a swell picture running down at the Filmarte Theatre, which will play through Monday. The picture is Alexander Korda's first technicolor effort and as far as the colors were concerned, I don't think they could have been better.

And the story was highly amusing. Merle Oberon is the beautiful girl who walks into a strange man's hotel suite, steals his bed, his pajamas, his book, his breakfast and his heart and then disappears without leaving her name. The ensuing events are delightful and even hilarious in spots. Laurence Olivier plays the young barrister whose suite is invaded and Binnie Barnes, Ralph Richardson and Morton Seltan are also featured in the cast.

—S. F.

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# YOUNG JOE SCHOENINGER PENS USUAL NICE LETTER

Editor, THE CARMEL CYMBAL,  
Dear Mr. Bassett:

Carmel's council election is over, and I realize you need some issue or other upon which you can vent your editorial wrath and thus fill up your columns. Also I appreciate the fact that you have reached that venerable age when the frivolities of youth are no longer appealing. With editorial responsibilities weighing upon your shoulders, you naturally find little patience now with those who dare "let off steam" once in a while or—horror!—drink a can of beer on a sultry afternoon.

In your latest role as savior of the country's youth and virtue, you are indignantly aroused over the conduct of University students who took part in the "disgraceful episode" in Carmel during Easter vacation. I agree that the disturbances caused by the young people were unfortunate. But as for the alleged damage done to the beach, streets and other property, both Councilman Bechdolt and yourself greatly exaggerate. The beach was cleared in a few hours and nothing was seriously or permanently damaged.

I am not attempting any justification whatever of the conduct of irresponsible individuals who were in Carmel over Easter. There was and is no excuse for rioting, rowdiness or lewd behavior in public. I deplore that sort of thing as much as any Carmelite or anyone else does, but I do think it is patently unfair to say that the college kids all, or even generally, acted that way.

No, I don't think the episode was particularly "funny." All I meant to say in my article in *The Californian* was that the college men and women who vacationed in Carmel had a swell time basking on the beach and enjoyed themselves as young, exuberant people naturally do.

So what's all the fuss? The village gained hundreds of dollars in trade from the visitors, the town was cleaned up in a few hours, and the young people from U.C. and Mills had a fine vacation.

Your excitement, Mr. Bassett, seems almost the product of desperation. Surely you can find some other crying injustices and burning issues you can use to "stimulate reader interest." There's always the auditing scandals, rival newspaper circulation, the police, dog quarantines, or perhaps even something important...

Yours, etc.,  
—JOSEPH SCHOENINGER, JR.  
c.c. kept

Cymbal Classified Ads Pay—

# THIS THING AND THAT

## A LITTLE BUGHOUSE

My studio features  
Winged creatures  
And funny bugs  
That march on rugs.  
Parking space  
Each night's allotted  
To moths whose wings  
Are polka-dotted,  
And that agile entymo-  
Logical clown,  
A daddy longlegs  
Upside down.  
Over my sill  
Skim wriggly missiles—  
Caterpillars  
With orange bristles.  
Fourteen inches  
Above my face  
A reflective spider  
Hangs in space—  
Suddenly spins  
An outsize thread  
And drops herplop  
Upon my head.  
Ants, of course,  
Investigate  
To discover what  
It was I ate.  
When Betty and Jasper  
Call on me  
The charmed circle  
Includes a flea.

By and large and  
All in all,  
I do not mind  
These bugs a-tall;  
When all is said  
And all is done,  
The tiny things  
Afford me fun—  
They do a daily  
Deed for me:  
Secure my life  
From en-mi-i  
The only one  
To get my goat is  
The stowaway  
On Ceanotis  
(Wild lilac  
Said scientific—  
Spelled in a manner  
Quite terrific)  
For this I file  
A violent kick:  
Its cerulean beauty  
Hides a tick—  
Nevertheless,  
I wish I'd bynda  
When one of them  
Bored into Lynda.

—EDITH FRISBIE

## PEBBLE BEACH RIDERS STAGE UNIQUE GYMKHANA

The members of the riding classes at the Pebble Beach Stables gave a Gymkhana on Saturday, April 23 at Pebble Beach. There were sufficient entries to run the races in three heats and prizes were won by the following entrants: Eleanor Smith, Barbara Bolin, Margot Coffin, Charlotte and Ruth Townsend, Joan Carr, Marilyn Strasburger, Jane Clark, Tom and Ben Wilson, Bob Smith and Bill Thornton. Among the races were such things as musical chairs, necktie races, "tablespoon with a peanut in it" race, and "shoe box with a polo ball in it" race. Elaborate refreshments were served after the gymkhana. They plan to have this same type of thing each month.

Spring classes are now being formed under the instruction of Mrs. Lucy Wyckoff, one of the outstanding riders of the Peninsula.

If you know something you think The Cymbal ought to know, telephone Carmel 77 and tell us.  
Cymbal Classified Ads Pay—

# Jinny Writes Us About Interesting Activities in "The Other Village"

Dear CYMBALERS:

A few jolts for the paper from the Hermit of Graveyard Gulch (I have one across the street from me and another around the corner).

A bit of Carmel from out my window is the billboard announcement of the Golden Bough Playhouse with Edward Kuster presenting "Counsellor-at-Law." The play opened last week and has received good notices but I have not presented my humble self at the door as yet. Ted is producer, director and chief actor of the piece.

Our Libby is being wooed by the CHRONICLE to write a society gossip in the style of THE CYMBAL's Carmel Capers. Reports are rife that several prominent members of the too-too-elite plan to leave town if the lass succumbs for fear the wench'll winchell on 'em.

The San Francisco Police Department is being very careful to protect its "good" name these days. They are building a new penthouse hoosgow on top of the present structure on Kearny street. Passing by the other night we noticed a neat pile of lumber stacked up by the cellar garage where the Black Marias go to sleep. The lumber was carefully and securely nailed down. Not even one loose stick for an ambling firewood-gatherer.

A little over a year ago Tom Wishart, artist and master chef, started the Artists' Supper Club in a little alley off of Kearny street. He had figured that many of the artists who have studios around the Montgomery Block ate dinner when they had the pence and it would be a noble idea to plan a club just for artists where they could get good food at a very nominal cost and enjoy the company of other artists as table-mates. The idea was good and the food was good, and, as an artist's wife, I was entitled to membership and had several meals there at infrequent trips to the city from Carmel. Then the law stepped in with a couple of license fees and some building requirements that put a complete damper on the experiment, but not the idea. The idea stuck. Along came BAE, also an artist, and put more ideas into Tom's head so that together they hatched the Artists' Supper at the Sign of the Green Lantern which opened last Saturday night at 704 Kearny street near Clay.

BAE's idea is that the day of the deep, dank, dark hole of the Murger Bohemia period is over. That artists today want a clean, bright, healthy place in which to gather. There is a large dining room, a bar and The Cellar for dancing and meetings and general get-togethers. On the walls are pictures lent by artists, including Luke Gibney, Jerome Jones, Doc Nash, Cornelius Sampson, Larry Holmsberg and Tom and BAE. The above-mentioned change every two weeks or so and while we were there the other night we heard several well known artists volunteer contributions.

The Cellar will feature a chess

tournament Friday nights, and on one night a week a group will get together to learn various folk dances, just for the fun of it.

Tom is featuring an Artists' Pot Luck supper every night except Sunday from 7 o'clock. Last Saturday night they expected about 60 guests and ended up by serving 200 which bids fair for the success of the venture. The food is wholesome and good. Saturday night's Pot Luck included navy bean soup, served family style, combination salad, Pot Roast (as you like it), noodles, swiss chard, french fried onions, also served family style and a choice of pudding or Tom's famous Charlotte Russe liqueur and coffee to finish up the meal. The charge, 45 cents. The coffee alone is enough to bring you back again and again. Carmel artists and art-inoculated inhabitants should find the spot congenial and entertaining when they visit The Other Village.

—VIRGINIA SCARDOLI

## 'KNOWING OUR COMMUNITY' YOUNG PEOPLES' TOPIC

The young people of the Community Church will open a discussion this Sunday evening at 7 o'clock on "Knowing Our Community." Among other things to be discussed will be "How did our Community begin?" "What does it look like to the outsider?" "Who are our neighbors?" "What do the people do?" "How do the people play?" "What groups are found in our town and how do they work together?" The meeting will be in the form of a discussion with several young people taking part. An invitation is extended to all young people of Eighth grade and high school ages and above.

The Cymbal has more readers per copy than the New York Times; three-fourths as many as The New Yorker.

# STOVEPIPE HOUSE RAZED FOR NEW ART GALLERY

Stovepipe Hall is now flat on the ground and will be carried away for kindling wood. This is all in preparation for the new Carmel Art Gallery and it won't be many days before work is started. The stakes are out, the land has been surveyed, and the plan has not only been approved by the board of directors of the Association but by the city.

On the building committee are Major Ralph Coote, Armin Hansen, Mrs. Laidlaw Williams and Clay Otto.

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## CLANGING CYMBALS

### A DAY FOR MY MOTHER



My father told me this incident and others like it during those bleak November days that we were alone on the farm just after she died. I can see her so clearly in it! And because this particular one is about myself, you can see that I often dream a kind of nightmare about it and wake in tears.

She had skimmed a good deal on her housework that morning, hurrying with the breakfast dishes so that a rim of coffee still showed in Pa's moustache cup and there was an eggy look at the edges of the bitten, thin old silver spoons. It seemed as if everything had got in her way. At five o'clock Aunt Fanny, our neighbor, had called frantically to say that her precious cat was sick and would Agnes come right over. Mother had arrived to find Aunt Fanny, whose husband had never allowed her to keep a cat before, holding tearfully on to its hind end. If you take your hand away, Fanny, Mother had said, I guess she'll be all right. And then she went ahead and had her kittens. By the time Mother had hurried home—I can see her throwing her short body forward, making her quick crooked walking in the dawn—Pa had stolen her dishwasher for his hens. Then there were the children to get off to school, that pandemonium time; lunches for three; the babies to feed and dress. Mama, mama, mama. Mama this; mama that. She would be missing her oldest daughter who had gone away to school that year and whose help she sometimes thought she couldn't get on without; that is, she would think it until Pa flamed up at the sight of her so harassed and overburdened and said Lynda ought to be home helping her mother. Then she and Father would put their arms around each other and smile, thinking there were five more to get off to college somehow, and laughing at their only son who, at that moment, looked more like a baby with wet diapers and something forbidden in his mouth than like a future President of the United States.

At eight o'clock the havoc was over and when she picked the baby up to nurse him she first went to the lowboy in the corner of the kitchen and got out a Butterick pattern from the second drawer, noticing as she did, the way the morning sun struck on to the pretty piece of blue shantung and thinking that the lace edging looked real nice even if she had got it for two and a half cents a yard.

When she sat down to nurse Frank, she got him settled against her and then held the pattern up to the light and studied it carefully. She seldom occupied herself with anything when she was nursing the baby; it was her time. I can remember how she would sit, with all three rings of the Sargent Circus in full tilt around her and the look of blessedness out on the hills somewhere, not noticing. But this morning was different. It was a happy morning, an exciting one.

She had been elected to an office in the Henniker Grange and for the first time since the babies began coming sixteen years before, she had accepted it. Thirty-six years old she was yesterday, and those six great lollapaloozing children. She was happy that Pa had urged her to accept that office. She loved her

little social times and there hadn't been many of them in the last few years. Tonight she was going to be initiated. Mrs. Cole would be there, the state Mistress of the Grange. And all the ladies of Henniker in their new best dresses.

She would have a new dress, too. Perhaps it was selfish of her, with Lynda working so hard at school washing dishes for all those girls; and Pa needing a new shirt. And little Maude wanting skates this winter. Well, she would be selfish. Pa liked to see her dressed up; her fine hair curled and piled on top of her head. She walking in vanity and pride.

She studied the pattern. Yes, if she cut it simply the five yards would do it. Leave off the reverses... no, that wouldn't do... skimp the skirt a teeny bit on the side... line the hem... she could always save a little material on sleeves, her short arms... yes, it was a pretty pattern. Simple. The lace would look nice at the neck and cuffs. She could put it on some odd way. She had originality about her.

Goodness, how she had scrimped to get the money for the dress. The Farmer's Daily had paid her a dollar for the little piece about her johnnycake; her own hens had been laying well; wouldn't Pa have had a fit, though, at her taking money for that bit of sewing she did for Mrs. Sanborn the other day. That proud, improvident husband of hers. Well, as his own mother had taught her, what a man didn't know...

Goodness, she must hurry. She'd have to have the dress finished before supper and Pa's shirt ironed. She looked down at the top of her sleeping son's head, catching herself sharply out of a tired sigh into a sigh of such love and happiness that the tears came up and ran into the lines around her eyes.

The telephone... two long rings and two short. A carload of grain at the depot and now Pa would have to go right to town and arrange for having that unloaded. Goodness knows they couldn't afford to pay demurrage, with the cows barely making their keep. Well, she'd have to call him at once and that meant feeding the calves herself.

She caught her old barn coat down from its peg over the wood box and ran along the shedway, rattling the calves' pails. After she had harnessed Kitty and hitched her into the buckboard and watched Pa drive away, she hurried and fed the calves.

There. Now she could begin her sewing. She cleared away the kitchen table and put in another leaf. On the clean old cloth she spread out her pretty piece of blue shantung; the lace, the cutting shears, the paper of pins. She took the pattern out of its envelope, separating out the pieces she wouldn't use. Very carefully she arranged and rearranged the pieces to the best advantage in cutting. She never had anything left but the merest scraps of material. Smoothing the cloth so that her rough hands caught at threads here and there; shifting a sleeve to save two inches; pinning and scrimping. Oh, but she liked this. She was happy. She wore her small intent smile like a decoration for happiness. The baby cried.

She walked with him a bit until the gas came up and then put a stick of wood into the stove. She heard old Kitty come into the yard and Pa's footsteps in the shed. She

picked up the shears.

"Letter from Lynda."

Well, she would skim it over now and then later she could read it more carefully. It was short.

"Mama darling,

"What do you think! One of the seniors was taken sick to day and I have been chosen to take her place on the debating team when we debate Clark University Saturday night. Isn't that wonderful for me!

"How I hate to ask you, but I've only that old dress I've worn everywhere this winter to wear. If I could have money enough for a piece of material—I wouldn't need much more than four and a half yards—I could make a dress after my work is done at night. I could study while I sew. Oh dear, I hate to ask..."

Two days later, I received by post a box with a pretty piece of blue shantung. With it was a lovely old lace collar that I knew she had taken off her own best dress. When I came to cut into the cloth, the selva had been broken in one place by someone who had started to cut it before me.

Father says he remembers quite well how lovely she looked that night, her eyes shining and her voice clear and warm with that endearing humble happy note in it. Ed Palmer said, By God, Sargent, you've got the best-looking woman here. I don't know what it is... but... something. Father says when he told Mother that she unaccountably burst into tears.

—LYNDA SARGENT

### YOUNG CONDUCTOR TO LEAD BAY SYMPHONY CONCERT

The Bay Region Symphony will be instrumental in introducing a brilliant young conductor to San Francisco on the occasion of its concert Tuesday, May 17, in the Veterans' Auditorium. Walter Herbert, formerly chief conductor of the Vienna Volks-Opera, will make his bow to music lovers at that time.

Herbert is including on his first San Francisco program a first performance there of *The Black Masters*, a composition by the talented American composer, Roger Sessions. The composition is based on the play of the same name by Andrejev. The balance of the program includes the Beethoven 5th, *Prelude to "Meistersinger"* and the "Southern Roses" waltz by Johann Strauss.

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Tap Room

+  
BREAKFAST  
LUNCH AND  
DINNER

### Spanish Dance Aids Sufferers

A Spanish Dance, under the auspices of the newly-organized Community Center, was given Saturday evening at Pebble Beach. Mexican and Spanish music provided the dance group with the atmosphere of times when the surrounding region belonged to Mexico, and the enthusiasm of those attending insured another Spanish Dance.

At the dance money was collected for the Medical Bureau of the North American Committee to aid Spanish Democracy. This is used for sending medicinal supplies to the Spanish government and in aiding medical work there.

As a special feature Paul Coleman, noted young interpretive dancer, who has performed with the Ballet Russe and in Europe, donated several exhibition numbers of original dances, interpreting ancient Inca themes, the Moldau, and also offering the Eagle Dance of the Pueblo Indians of our own Rio Grande Valley in this country. He is one of the few white men to have mastered well the intricate steps

and significance of the Eagle Dance.

It is hoped that Paul Coleman may again be seen by others who did not have the opportunity to have enjoyed him at the Community Center dance.

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### JIM GREENAN INSPIRES COCKTAIL PARTY

Jim Greenan's return from a South American tour in which he looked over mining property was the inspiration Tuesday for a cocktail party staged in their Hutton Fields home by Edith, his wife. Loads of people were in and out, a goodly percentage of the people who are friends of Jim and Edith.

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"The wittles is up!"



You won't be surprised to hear that not the least of the pleasures for me of a week-end visit to the city after more than a year was the novelty of eating five consecutive meals with the preparation of which I had absolutely and blissfully nothing to do! And with the washing of the dishes for which I had also absolutely and blissfully no concern! Viewed from a culinary point of view the expedition was a complete success. It began with an excellent dinner in a hillside home in Berkeley, a delightful place which is mysteriously but presumably firmly rooted in the side of one of those simply incredible steep slopes high up on an airy perch above a magnificent panorama of . . . well, everything!—all of the bay, both bridges, Treasure Island, the seven hills of San Francisco, Alcatraz, the Golden Gate . . . and surrounding miles . . . On a clear day the view stands out with a startling sharpness of detail that brings it close to the windows of the house. That is to say, so I am told by the editor of THE CYMBAL, and those relatives of his who picked out the spot years ago because they like views. But unfortunately—for me—they have never been able to arrange to have the atmosphere just right on the occasions of my rare visits to Berkeley. The sight has always seemed breath-taking to me even though I do not get it at its highest point of perfection but my enthusiastic comments evoke only disparaging and regretful assurances that this is nothing and I should see it on a really clear day! I am still living in hopes of finding myself in Berkeley at a time when the owners of the view will admit that nature is cooperating with man to the very best of her ability. That will be a day!

To come back to earth and eating again, the dressing on the salad at dinner so pleased the editor's taste that I was promised the recipe for it. Perhaps if my kind hostess reads this she will remember and will send it to me sometime. Thank you, Aunt Nannie!

When I think of the reams and the volumes that have been written giving praise and glory to the eating places of San Francisco I realize it would take months of sojourn there to sample them all, so our little week-end, which was after all not undertaken primarily as an adventure in eating out, isn't really material for literature. We had fresh crab down on Fisherman's Wharf, sitting by a window a few feet from a fleet of closely packed fishing boats that bobbed gently in the strong breeze as they rested from their labors. But I guess I'm just a hometown girl for I'd really rather have a meal at Victor's clean little joint over on our own Fisherman's Wharf in Monterey. We've got the same things, the gulls, the blue-painted purse seiners, the sea food, the picturesque surroundings, but we've got something more, something intangible that can't be put into words. It may be different for each of us but it's there, I'm sure . . .

One minor disappointment I had. Those unlimited popovers at the Magic Cupboard were in my mind and I wanted to see if they would

really give me all I could eat. The editor didn't much relish the sound of the place and by the time we were crowded into the elevator with a lot of women bound for the same place he began to be quite sure he wanted to eat somewhere else. Fortunately for him, all the tables were taken and people were standing or sitting about watching the lucky ones eating popovers. We were cordially pressed to wait our turn but we really hadn't time. Instead we went back to the Drake-Wiltshire and were promptly served in the Fable Room with the gay company of Jo Mora's frolicking animals to make us feel at home!

And just before we left to come back to Carmel one of those incredible coincidences hit us which happen once in a blue moon. It has, strictly speaking, no place in this column but the result of it—the proof that it actually happened—is a substantial and delicious loaf of home-made rye bread part of which still reposes at this writing in our bread box in the kitchen! Well, Sunday morning we set out for a little ride and I was taken to look at another view which we reached by crawling up steep streets much like going up the side of a building, or so it seemed to this visitor from the sticks. At the top of the world, we got out and started to walk to the brink, and there, coming up the other side of the steep hillside, was one woman. In the quiet Sunday morning hush her voice suddenly rang out; "Why, W.K. and Dorothy!" What it was that brought us straight to that particular hill-top in the city and out of the thousands of people living in it brought us face to face with a friend whom we had not seen or heard from for more than two years I am stumped to figure out. We had had no idea where she was—it might have been Egypt or it might have been Honolulu for all we knew. We had time only for a delighted and rather incoherent exchange of exclamations and explanations and a few minutes' call at her apartment. It was here that we received the loaf of home-made rye bread and after we left the incident took on the feeling of a dream so that but for the bread we would have hard work to persuade ourselves that we had actually run into Irene on the top of that quiet hill in the Sunday morning sunshine . . .

Having rashly some months ago given the youngest constant eater the promise of anything he wanted to order for his birthday meals I find myself faced with the problem of providing twenty-five meat balls for his dinner! That is his choice of a *piece de resistance*, but how he contemplates disposing also of a quart of milk, baked potatoes, buttered beets and angel cake with coconut frosting, all of which are included in his stipulated menu, I have no idea. I'm doing some experimenting on making miniature meat balls, however, because, believe me, that boy hasn't forgotten and besides that, I'm afraid, he can count up to twenty-five . . .

A box of candy that's as pretty—inside—as a bouquet of flowers seems like a nice combination of

the substantial and esthetic for a Mother's Day gift. I saw a special two-pound box of home-made bonbons, in the daintiest flowerlike colors and trimmings, over in The Poppy on Alvarado Street . . .

—CONSTANT EATER

## Helen Sees Gene Working; Is Sad

"Yeah," said Helen Ricketta, "And I've been trying for six months to get him to put in a lawn at our house."

Helen, with the new Patsy in her lap, was sitting in the family car down on the Mission Tract, just south by east of a newly-laid diamond for the Abalone League, and out in right field, manipulating a tractor to level the ebullient grass was Gene and a couple's dozen other guys.

Busy they certainly were, and diligent, and tireless and happy.

"A lot of wives would like to see this," adds Helen. "A lot of wives who have been trying to get some man-work done around their homes since the fall of 1932."

But that's the psychology of something. The Abalone leaguers must play ball and with a semblance of professional equipment under foot. A lawn at home, or the weeds out of the back yard, or a clothesline hung—what the hell!

Anyway, it's a swell looking field now and we hope Helen does get a little grass sown around the Rickettas' domicile—sometime, between now and the winter of 1941.

Which reminds us that last Sunday on a never-so-fine-a-field as will be theirs to play on this Sunday, the Giants smothered the Tigers, 14 to 4, and the Shamrocks grounded the Pilots, 12 to 8.

The Giants are about on a par with their less-efficient brothers in the National League back east, with four wins and one humiliation. The Shamrocks have a three to the good and two to the bad record so far, the Pilots have won two and dropped three and the Tigers have a lone victory to chalk up against four ignominies.

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## LEGION AUXILIARY PLANS FOR POPPY SALE

The regular monthly meeting of the American Legion Auxiliary will be held this Tuesday evening, May 10, at the Legion Hall at 8 o'clock. The unit is planning for the May 28 sale of poppies made by disabled veterans in government hospitals. The memorial poppies will be sold in every part of the city and arrangements are in the hands of Mrs. Verne Regan assisted by a group of volunteer workers.

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## Pistol Club Asks For Handicaps

Billy White, the busy and efficient secretary of the Carmel Pistol Club, had his mind taken off his work this past week by the arrival of a second heir, but he managed to get around to telling us that the club wants all members who can to go to the range some time next week and shoot for their handicaps. Either Monday, Wednesday or Friday evenings is available for this test of skill to be used in handicapping members in the Col. O. N. Ford Trophy shoot to be staged in the near future.

Also, says Billy, the regular meeting of the pistol club will be held Tuesday night of next week, and, too, there will be a match pistol shooting at San Jose this Sunday in which Carmel shooters are invited to take part.

## JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH (FELINE) HAS KITTENS

Johann Sebastian Bach is the proud mother of six little Bachs who were born very recently. Mrs. Bach, or whatever she might be called, is two years old, pure white, long-haired and has a pedigree. She and the six little Bach kittens belong to Gail Roy Frates who says he will keep one of the youngsters if his mother permits him to.

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**ELECTRIC APPLIANCE SOCIETY**  
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## Court of Honor Of Boy Scouts On May 18

A grand Court of Honor ceremony, to be participated in by Boy Scouts and Sea Scouts of the Carmel district, will be held on Wednesday evening, May 18, at 8 o'clock in the Sunset Auditorium. The public is invited to attend. The program will be as follows:

Opening Ceremony, Ship No. 86, Commander Peterson, Commander Murphy.

Introduction of Scout Leaders and speaker, Herbert Brownell, district chairman.

Value of Scouting to Community, Mayor Herbert Heron.

Troop No. 39—Pageant and presentation of awards, Walter Kellogg, Scoutmaster, in charge.

Troop No. 86—Pageant, P. A. McCreery, Scoutmaster, in charge.

Ship No. 86—Ceremony, Commanders Murphy and Peterson.

Summer Camp, Al Young, scout executive, Monterey Bay Area.

Movie, "Camping Trails."

Announcement of Attendance Award, Herman Crossman, district commissioner.

Closing Ceremony, Ship No. 86, Commanders Murphy and Peterson.

+ + +

## BILLY WHITE SHOWS US NEW BIRTH CERTIFICATE

John Bidwell White was born at the Peninsula Community Hospital last Sunday morning at 2 o'clock. He comes to the home of Mr. and Mrs. William G. White. He was named for Billy White's only brother, a mining engineer who was killed three years ago in a mine disaster in the Philippines. This is the Whites' second child, the baby's brother being four years old. Billy White is the son of the Rev. and Mrs. Willis G. White.

Later news: Bill came in with John Bidwell's birth certificate on Wednesday. It's the cutest, or so one of the girls in the office characterized it, thing—with the baby's feet prints and thumb prints on it. What gets us is the oft-demonstrated fact that the footprints of a baby are identifiable as that same baby's when the child has grown up. You would think they'd change materially, but they say they don't.

+ + +

## GEORGE HATFIELD COMES IN ON HIS STATE ROUNDS

Senator Ed Tickle dragged one George Hatfield into our editorial sanctum Tuesday of this week and George was tickled to death—after he got in. He discovered an old high school classmate in the person of our editor. He and Bisset (we're always misspelling that name) Bassett went to Oakland High School at one and the same time. Now George has gone down to lieutenant-governor and Bassett has gone up to editor of a glorified weekly. George, incidentally, has aspirations to go down still further—to governor. He is at present touring the state to further it. He spent Monday night at Ed Tickle's Highlands Inn which, by the way, is something what no sane person would want to exchange Sacramento for.

+ + +

## SCOUT EXECUTIVES MEET NEXT WEDNESDAY

Regular monthly meeting of the Carmel District Boy Scout executives and officers will be held next Wednesday at luncheon at the Blue Bird Tea Room. This is a gathering of committeemen, scoutmasters and all adult leaders of the Carmel district and at it plans are discussed for further advancement of scout work and programs of scout activities.

## DOG DAYS— AND NIGHTS



Edited by JESSIE JOAN BROWN

Carmel will lose one of its most dashing young bucks when Bobby Ranney leaves next week for a tour of the United States with his owner, Georgia Ranney.

Bobby is well known among the wire-haired set where he is something of a social lion.

Before the rabies quarantine Bobby used to patrol the section of the beach in front of his home on Scenic Drive. He was very particular as to just who played there. When he was confined to his yard during the quarantine, he had to do his "patrolling" from an observation tower on top of the garden wall and attempt to chase off the intruders with threatening growls and barks.

The handsome Bobby has become famous for his clever imitation of Mr. Smith, the wire-haired star of the movie, "The Awful Truth," in the well-remembered 'hide-the-ball' scene.

Bobby will return to Carmel in the fall, full of many interesting experiences to tell his friends.

+

Scoochie Love likes nothing better these nippy nights than getting way down under the covers at the very foot of the bed. He snuggles down with not so much as the tip of his little black nose out.

Scoochie's owner, Dorothy Love, had a house-guest one evening who didn't know the little fox terrier's idiosyncrasy. The next morning the guest was making the bed and when she started to put on the spread she noticed a lump near the foot. She leaned over to straighten the lump and it began to move. The startled guest dashed out of the room for Dorothy, who came in and pulled back the covers and pulled out Scoochie, before the astonished eyes of her guest.

+

The first week of liberty after the quarantine was lifted was enjoyed a bit too vigorously by a number of the localites.

Like sailors on shore leave, or students on vacation, they expressed their freedom a little too enthusiastically and now wear adhesive tape and bandages as grim reminders of the accidents and brawls in which they indulged in their eagerness to celebrate.

+

With Carmel becoming so bicycle-minded, it won't be long before some clever canine copies *Lars Olsen*, the Minnesota dog, who sits on the carrier of his master's bicycle while his master does the pedaling. *Lars* leaps on and off the carrier without help. No matter what the speed, he never falls off.

+

DOGS  
Dogs go trotting here and there  
Cheerfully without a care,  
With simple courage live each  
day—

I wish that we could act that way.

—REBECCA McCANN

+ + +

## JOE SCHOENINGER, JR., NOW 'CALIFORNIAN' EDITOR

Joseph Schoeninger, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Schoeninger of The Point, has been named associate editor of the *Daily Californian*, student newspaper at the University of California. Joe, who is a junior in college, will be responsible for the paper for one issue each week.

## Children's Book Festival Is On

The Children's Spring Book Festival is going on this week. New books for summer reading, which will go out tomorrow, are on display at the Carmel Library.

One of the most charming new books for quite young people is "The Restless Robin" with both story and illustrations by Marjorie Flack. Buffy was a plump, noisy and greedy little robin who lived in an apple tree near a farmhouse in New Hampshire with his mother, father and two well-behaved sisters. But Buffy was restless, so he left his lovely home and became caught in a series of adventures which were very exciting. It took all the music of all the songs of all the birds in the valley to get Buffy safely home again. This is an original and refreshing story. Another delightful book for the same aged child is "Chee-Chee's Brother" by Gertrude Robinson with illustrations by Glenna M. Latimer, and "The Pilgrim's Party," "a really truly story," by Sadye Beth and Anson Lowitz is crammed full with completely captivating drawings.

"Ballet Shoes" by Noel Streatfeild, illustrated by Richard Floethe, is a sparkling story which will amuse both young and adult readers. The three children of the book are adopted by Great-Uncle Matthew, "a man of character and a fossil collector." However, Great-Uncle Matthew disappears on a long voyage and the three children embark on a stage career. Every detail of their life, both behind the scenes and before the footlights, is described, and you are sure to be intrigued with the illustrations.

For older boys is the exciting adventure story of "Bob Wakefield, Naval Inspector" by Blaine and Dupont Miller and other interesting sounding new books include "The Gate Swings In," "Sons of the Hurricane," "The Last of the Gauchos," "Ali Lives in Iran," "Runaway Balboa," "The Lost Queen of Egypt," "Greek Journey" and "Privateer Ahoy."

+ + +

The announcement of the marriage of Elaine Mann and Fred Decker was made Sunday afternoon at a large tea at Forest Lodge given by Mrs. Decker's mother, Mrs. Ellis A. Mann of Salinas. The couple were married four years ago in Ogden and will make their home in Carmel.

## Del Monte Singing Star a Cowboy

You would never recognize him. You wouldn't believe the boy you hear singing cowboy and popular ballads in the Tap Room at Del Monte every evening was ever really a cowboy, dressed as he is in his immaculate white flannels and white shoes.

But Howard Kidwell, now 27, has been a cowboy. For years as a youngster he, after working in the Texas cotton fields, punched cattle in the Panhandle country. That is how he got the money to buy his first guitar when he was 12 years old. For a year he had to have a neighbor woman tune it for him!

When he was 13, in 1924, he and his family moved from southeast to northwest Texas. They moved in two covered wagons. The horses broke away once, and Howard and his oldest brother chased them seven miles. They were used to that, though, because they had sometimes run to school for the fun of it—a mere three and a half miles.

Howard started his singing in the great community song fests in his Panhandle town. In 1930 he turned professional, traveling with a male quartet. Later he sang from the Gulf radio studio in Dallas during the Centennial Exposition.

Believe it or not, the most frequently requested number in the Tap Room these days is not anything from "Snow White." It is "Home on the Range." Although

the singing and guitar-strumming Mr. Kidwell sings a good many popular ballads, the old favorites, "Red River Valley," and "The Cowboy's Lament," and "I've Got No Use for the Wimmen" refuse to die out.

+ + +

Eva B. Mayer has left for London to visit her father who is in ill health. She sails from New York on the *Queen Mary* on May 11, expecting to return to her Carmel home in July.

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## Bookbinding New Class in Kit's Art Institute

The latest development in the ever-increasing program of the Carmel Art Institute is the class in bookbinding, the first of the crafts scheduled to appear. The class, to be held in the evenings on Tuesdays and Thursdays, will be under the imaginative direction of Robert L. Bruckman, whose work with students on the Peninsula and in Salinas has been well received for the two years that he has been pursuing it.

Tuesday night, at 7:30 o'clock, all followers, or would-be followers, of the almost forgotten art of binding books may gather at the Institute in the Seven Arts Court for an open meeting to precede the course, and at which Bruckman will introduce the work to come.

The practical side of binding, such as repairing and remaking books, will appeal to many of us who have crumbling, but adored, volumes on our shelves. Yet, the rare chance to fling one's talent into leather tooling, paper designs, original mediums (like human skin or tiger pelts?) or whatever fertile fields one's imagination may reel to, is at the peak in this craft which is both art and craft. Should you enjoy scrap books, here is the opportunity to make a real one. Or, if you like casing-your best books, this is what you might like doing on fine Spring evenings.

The outdoor sketch class, under Burton Boundey, will continue with the day changed to Tuesday afternoons.

Paul Whitman's group starts Monday. The subject is watercolor landscapes.

A new model, the third study so far, will begin sitting on Monday for the Armin Hansen course in oils. New models are provided every two weeks.

But the most important bit of news to come from Kit Whitman, and the one which pleases her the most, is the news that the first scholarship has been awarded. The honor went to a young man, whose unusual talent was brought to the notice of Armin Hansen. Hansen's understanding and acceptance of his work led to the coveted opportunity. The scholarship is to be taken in the oil painting class which Hansen directs.

—K. W.

## Dick Bare Starts Movie School

Frank Townsend says, and what Frank says has a way with it somehow these days, that Director Richard Bare is doing as well as can be expected, thank you. This is great news indeed, because Dick has just become the proud parent of a School of Cinematography, complete with a professional Bell and Howe camera and cutting machine. Not only that but the School for Cinematography—we want you to get used to the word—is to be right here in Carmel, an integral part of the Carmel Players.

Classes in Cinematography will open only to members of the Players (lie yourself down to Frank and join up) and the first meeting will be held in the Green Room to-night at 8.

All phases of motion picture production will be taught and discussed, with stress on dramatic and production angles.

Dick, as you know, is a graduate Cinematographer himself and one with the stuff.

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Cymal Classified Ads Pay—

## Personalities & Personals

Mrs. Mary Van E. Ferguson had as guests last week-end her daughter, Mrs. Walter Steilberg, her granddaughter, Rosalie, and Miss Lois Hanson, all from Berkeley. Mrs. Ferguson, who comes to Carmel often, and has had a house here for the past six weeks, will return to Berkeley this week-end, but plans to come back in the summer.

Barbara Wood of the library staff, and Pearl Hamilton of the P. G. & E., left recently for a two-weeks' vacation in Oregon.

Miss Clara Baker has returned from a two-weeks' trip to the southern part of the state where she visited in Pasadena and in San Bernardino with Mrs. Elizabeth Titus.

Word comes to us that Kevin Wallace has acquired a baby blue Willys and hopes to be able to come to Carmel more often now.

Linda Rooke-Ley and young Peter have moved bag and baggage up to Robles Del Rio where they plan to spend the summer. Linda loves it but young Peter has gotten to be such a sophisticated man about town that he keeps wanting to come down out of the wilds.

A letter has come to THE CYMBAL office telling us that Mr. and Mrs. Fred Tarrant are returning to Carmel shortly and will again open their Mexican Art shop in the Seven Arts Court. It will be nice to have them back as they added a bit of bright color to Carmel.

Mr. and Mrs. John Olmsted Dresser have announced the engagement of their daughter, Elizabeth, to James Flood of San Francisco. Betty is well known in Carmel, having spent many summers here.

Mrs. Victor Rottman and Miss Arti Rottman spent last week in Los Angeles where they visited friends and Mrs. Rottman's son, Victor Rottman.

Arthur E. Jackson, inspector for the California State Board of Pharmacy, dropped into THE CYMBAL office this week on his state rounds. The editor of THE CYMBAL hadn't seen Arthur for some 15 years. The two of them, along with this George Hatfield person, used to go to Oakland High School at one and the same time.

A no-host supper dance was given at the Mission Ranch Club Saturday evening and Mr. and Mrs. James Parsons, Mr. and Mrs. James Culp, Mr. and Mrs. J. Martin

Straith, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Bixler, Mr. and Mrs. Glen Watson, Helen Wood, Jeanne Fremont, Lucille Wirth, Irene Roberts, Anne Norwood, Lester Krumbholz, David Askew, Richard Bixler, Robert Peterson and Charles Kiernan all were there. The evening included program dances, a snowball dance, a roulette dance and a balloon dance.

Betty Jean Newell is spending a month's vacation in Marin County.

Viola Kelsey, who is Mrs. Ivan, according to marriage records, entertained her mother, father and brother over the last week-end. Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Stump and Virgil Stump came down from their Sunnysvale home.

Dr. Francis V. Randol has moved his family to Pacific Grove for the summer, but Dr. Randol retains his dental office and office hours in the La Giralda Building.

Susan Porter is motoring East the 20th of this month to be present at the graduation of her daughter, Valentine, from Radcliffe College. She will be accompanied by Mrs. Jesse Lynch Williams and Miss Sarah Redington. Mrs. Porter plans to be back in Carmel for the Bach Festival.

Mrs. Margaret Moore and Mrs. Charles Roelles had top scores at the Monday night bridge tournament at the Mission Ranch Club.

Mrs. Douglas Doty and Miss May Camfil from Hollywood are guests of David Eldridge at the Mission Ranch Club. A number of parties have been planned for them.

Miss Nan McCormick came back to Carmel this week after spending eight months in England. Her progress up Ocean avenue has been very slow as friends keep stopping to greet her and hear about the trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Field of Coastlands beyond Big Sur are leaving today to spend a month in Santa Fe where they will sniff up the desert air and do some horseback riding.

Mr. and Mrs. William Dale of Oak Grove have announced the engagement of their daughter, Doris, to Gordon Campbell. No wedding date has been set, but the ceremony will take place in the near future.



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## STARS AND GARTERS

### MOTHER'S DAY

I have decided that I do not want to become a mother.

Judging from the way people act on Mother's Day, there must be something lugubrious about it.

Congressmen and parsons deliver speeches. They dwell upon Mrs. Lincoln and others, whose boys made good, in such doleful and funereal tones that before it's over they have got you worked into a fit of the weeps. Somehow, in a way I cannot put my finger on, they leave you feeling awfully sorry for Abe's mother and the rest. I will have no part in sending an entire nation into the doldrums once a year just by becoming a mother.

This annual emotional jag is something like that at the end of the old-fashioned revival meeting. The congregation sang, "Oh, Lamb of God, I come, I come" while the converts walked down the aisle, tears streaming down their faces. Half the audience turned on the water works too. You left the church feeling unhappy and depressed. It's the same way with Mother's Day.

On the Fourth of July, you feel pleasantly stirred. You have heard snappy music and rousing speeches. Thanksgiving leaves you peaceful and serene. On Mother's Day, you listen to maudlin verse, mawkish songs and silly speeches. Personally, I do not care to have "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?" played in my honor even though it is set to swing music to keep up with the times.

Mother in the abstract appears to be one who has been done wrong. She hasn't been written to; her boy is in jail; her daughter has been seduced, and her hands are gnarled and swollen. She sits neglected and alone.

There must be some reason behind all this. It looks very much as though Mom gets a dirty deal and these atrabilious outpourings on Mother's Day are sympathy for her unhappy lot and a guilty conscience for not doing right by her.

If this is what motherhood is like, I figure it is a good thing to stay out of.

—DOROTHY STEPHENSON

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## CARMEL CLEANERS

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## Chick McCarthy P-T.A. Speaker

The final regular monthly meeting of the year of the Parent-Teacher Association of Sunset School district will be held this Tuesday, May 10, at 3 p.m. in the school library. Charles McCarthy, director of the Carmel Players, will give a reading.

Attention should be called to the Sunset School round-up, sponsored by the Parent-Teacher Association, Tuesday, May 17, at 1 p.m., in the nurse's room. The round-up is a physical examination given to all children who plan to enter Sunset next fall. A different doctor offers his services each year and Dr. Marshall Carter will be in charge this year. The purpose of the round-up is to enable the children to enter school in the best possible physical condition.

+

Mrs. H. S. Nye, the retiring president of the Carmel Woman's Club, was honored by the board of directors at a luncheon Monday preceding the meeting of the club. Those present were Mrs. John Jordan, Miss Agnes Knight, Mrs. Ross C. Miller, Mrs. Saxton Pope, Mrs. W. E. Heathorne, Mrs. Willis G. White, Mrs. John Fitch, Mrs. James E. Ainsworth, Mrs. Fenton Grigsby, Mrs. J. G. Hooper and Mrs. Joseph McCarthy.



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CARMEL

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## Note of Choral On the Night

(Continued from Page One)  
voracious god, surging its immense rhythm mutedly tonight, rolling the ambient world on its long tentative tongue. Sound upon sound upon sound out through the corridors of immeasurable life. Rhapsody, rhapsody, close upon magnitude. Melody, clutch with your little sweet tentacles, clutch at the throat of the sea.

Along the edge of the far world horizon a low black line arises. Between it and the thin damson cloud the sun flattens redly and falls. There is a pause between movements, a cessation. The strings tune up. Then the great afterglow plays up the sky hovering on the world: firmament symphony, fugue and finale; whelp of omnigenous god.

The sky darkens; gloam stalks measuredly.

In nomine Jesu.

Then you have come to the village, to the center of things. Here is familiarity: the fancy gas station with rosy Rosie in overalls wiping his hands on a rag; the Village Five and Ten; whiskey at its thirst in the drug store window. Up and down the street, the men with cleavers humming the B Minor Mass. The men with little tiptoeing measures marking off life in pounds and ounces but not by the G, treble clef. Down the center of Ocean avenue, the main street, the long line of pints expectorate their needles without malice or aim, regaling each other with tales of their operations, showing the cement scars in their Plant Department bellies; bending with a mock politeness over the handsome-bosomed women with the acid taste of tea at the back of their tongues, going after the mail. The people go up to the Post Office, walking with a kind of protoplasmic streaming; projecting their heads first and eagerly pulling their bodies along after.

There is a foreign flavor, a zest, a tension. Here, a bright girl goes in the swinging door with a violin case under her arm, looking expectant, listening. The tall young man with the black beard and the groceries mutters to himself and cocks one ear southerly. Frangent on the laughter of a woman with a flute, the blonde boy waves his sheaf of music and howls; he, listening. Up from the beach, advancing with the fog like color-bearers come the boys and girls from the beach; copper-legged, tripping; weaving their certain gaudiness into the mist-muted tapestry. Fog crashes into the little people doing their Post Office Post-trot on the sidewalks of Carmel. ONE-two, THREE-four, how's your wife today? The little woman's loony, she's altogether fey: free-SIX, seven-EIGHT, why'd you play that ace? If I'd not been a lady I'd have pushed you in the face. Ah, remember, little old woman in navy and white, how fine your legs were in those days; then take in your scorn. Is not memory enough? Yes, my dear, I've a ticket for the series. Oh, I have to hear Fibber McGee and Molly tonight. My God!

Listen!  
In among them, as they move and move apart, faster now, stiller, waiting; blent in their mystic pattern of cadence, in among them the fog falls surging its occult rhythms mutedly; liping at night with long tentative tongues. Overture, coronach, canzanet, mighty with man's brave voicingness, clutch with your little sweet tentacles, clutch at the breast of this world.

Whelps of the omniscient

god, moving in the quick anticipant fog, hear, hear!

Hear, over the still and humble night the first deep cadence of the trombones. *Soli Gloria Deo.*

+

## Glee Club Program Has Drawbacks

The Hotel Del Monte Lounge lost its suave sophistication for an hour or so last Tuesday evening when the Musical Art Club proceeded with its program, generously open to club guests and friends of music. It was Music Week.

One touches to the tongue the responsive words—"musical arts"—Music, the sublime art. Art, the practice of taste in the expression of beauty.

One waits for the evening, the dinner hour gone, the neat tie adjusted, the shoe toes glistening, the edge-line of white handkerchief appropriate and discreet, the genial balm preceding the expected pleasure. Recalling "Mike," approving the familiar program, considering the "male voices," comparing one's highest memories of other Sylvia's, balancing Roland Hayes five lines of announcement, all leading to the inevitable disaster—reality.

To listen, within a short space of time, to even the most finished and accomplished group of voices, becomes to some of us a strain at the twelfth obligation to applaud. Fenton Foster's Glee Club was anxious to please and sang out with clear and robust voices. They pleased their audience on the whole, and retired with the modesty befitting the popularly acclaimed. Alice Keith accompanied each number.

Hjalmar E. Berg, accompanied by Thelma Knudsen, sang three romantic solos. His listeners appreciated his dedications, for they were genuine and friendly tributes. One to a birthday and the other to his own marital anniversary.

Michel Maskewitz, perhaps unhappy by this time, played off his numbers and one encore, then bowed out quickly.

Mike could not play without distinction, even if his mind were wandering as far as Gilroy. But Mike can play superbly, with a quality, enviable and unapproach-

able. Perhaps this reviewer, callous with esthetic standards—a pedagogue—a wretch—owes the club an apology. This review does not belittle the performers; it merely states that the program was unworthy of the club's reputation. But, then, perhaps the club chose to have an "evening social" at this last open meeting, to make its neighbors feel at home in the austere lounge of a hotel resigned to arrogance. —K. W.

# DRY

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## Sally Gets Herself Pulled Together And This She Says of the Art Exhibit

It took me nearly half an hour to pull myself together before I could even begin to write down an impression of the May exhibit at the Carmel Art Gallery. Besides being a show of watercolors and consequently hard for me to review, the pictures were so hung that to achieve the complete elimination of all others when trying to look at one was very difficult.

I found that the most outstanding thing in the show is William Irwin's "Sandpit," hard to talk about and not go into superlatives. It is strong and alive with wonderful colors I'm only sorry that there are no more of it.

It is a draw between the Irwin and Armin Hansen's "Waterfront." This is also a strong painting done in blues, purples and grays. The composition is excellent and the medium handled so perfectly. There is also only one Hansen.

Three of Paul Whitman's Guatemalan studies which attracted so much attention when hung at Hotel Del Monte, are in the exhibit. It is understandable because they are beautiful things. He has left large portions of his paintings white and used violet grays for shadows. The frames are also lovely and appropriate.

Burton Burney achieves a quality in his two watercolors which makes one almost smell the clean fresh air and the dry grass, and almost feel the warm sunshine. "Circus Tent" and "Abandoned Farmhouse" are the two fine things of his hung.

It is nice to see something of Catherine Seidenack's in the Art Gallery again. "Village Street—Saxony" is a soft, lovely painting

done in grays. With gay bits of orange in the foreground and on a roof and the rosy gray of the sky, the picture is one of the nicest things I saw.

The work of Leslie Wulf has caused a great deal of favorable comment. The three small paintings in the exhibit have a freshness which is not to be found in many of the other pictures. My favorite is "The Fruit Stand" in which she uses clear, strong colors.

Although the composition in John Langley Howard's "Study in Technic" is good, I do not like the picture and found that colors are not appealing to me. After looking at it for a while, I was left with a feeling of confusion.

There is a jewel-like quality in William Watts' "Rock Ledge." The colors are wonderful and it is a pleasing painting. Watts catches the spirit of the Orient in "Manchu Women on the Road to Peking" and his "Norman Gate—Sicily" is also hung. I like all three of them.

John O'Shea has three paintings. His portrait of the laughing Mexican makes me want to laugh, too, and his "Hat, Ears and Roof" is amusing, but I do not like the "Cloud Impression."

As there are 40 paintings hung it would be hard to go into detail about any of them. There are some I like and others I don't like, but the exhibitors are Ada Howe Kent, Abbie Lou Bosworth, Charles G. Horton, William Ritcheil, Joe Cannon, Edith McGuire, Charlotte E. Morgan, Percy Gray, Ralph Coote, Edda M. Heath, Laura Maxwell, Henrietta Shore, Charles Bradford Hudson, De Neale Morgan, Happy Parker, Suzanne Hedger and Stanford Stevens. —SALLY FRY.

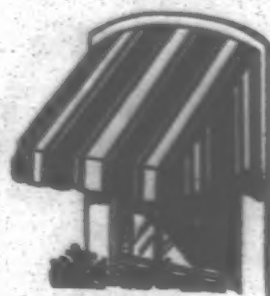
## LILTS FROM LILIGO

There has been a great deal of discussion of late on the subject of Pixies. One cannot come to any decision for each Pixie is different in the minds and eyes of the world. Some of these little folk have tails, some very small bodies with extremely large heads and a pair of ears like a eucalyptus leaf attached. Then I heard of one the other day which was seen sitting on the foot of a young artist's bed. This Pixie had a tail of great length and a bald head which ran several inches into the air forming a thing which looked like a turnip root. On the end of the root was a ribbon of pink waving here and there. Perhaps the Pixie was really holding still but who are we to argue? A famous expression is being formed these days, for instead of answering that you were out late the night before, one merely has to scream "I was out with the Pixies," and understanding eyebrows drop to their horizontal position once again.

Winsor Josselyn whipped down to the new Monterey Wharf to peer at the ship, Otter, Tuesday afternoon, frowning constantly about the fact that his camera had been taken to the Horse Show that afternoon. Later we met him in Carmel where he looked happier and was indulging in a leer, a leer filled with Josselyn humor. It seems that when the camera had been returned to him, he had gone out to take a picture of a dear old lady for Mother's Day and had double-exposed the film. Upon the same film there was a picture from the Horse Show, so don't be surprised

if you see a picture one of these nights in the Herald of a dear old lady riding a bucking broncho.

Margaret Lang is finally regaining her dignity. After being installed in the new prompter's box during "Three Men on a Horse," Margaret found that she had company in the form of a charming and vivacious California flea who was more than happy to join her. Margaret spoke gently to the flea, asking it to go some place else during the play, but the flea would not leave. After all, a flea has no money with which to buy a seat but it has the initiative to bite one. Like



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moths, fleas indulge in things we wear, like our epidermis, and, unfortunately, a flea has a great deal to live for.

—ADRIENNE LILLICO

## MOTHERS OF COMMUNITY CHURCH TO BE HONORED

Three mothers of the Community Church will be honored this Sunday morning with bouquets of sweet peas from Mrs. Homer S. Bodley's yard. The mother with the largest complete family present will be given the first flowers at 9:30 o'clock, and at 11 o'clock the oldest and youngest mother will receive flowers. There will be special music at both services. At 9:30 o'clock the Junior Choir will sing the anthem, "Mother's Day," and at 11 o'clock the young peoples' choir of ten voices, under the direction of Mrs. Emma Evans, will sing two special numbers. The pastor, the Rev. Homer S. Bodley, Jr., will speak to the Junior Church on "Mother's Job," and at 11 o'clock on "A Mother's Dream."

## SALINAS REALTOR TO TALK HERE ABOUT TAXES

The second number of the Carmel Business Conference series is scheduled for tonight at 8 o'clock at Pine Inn. George S. Gould, Salinas realtor, who is widely known throughout Monterey County for his interest in tax matters, will speak on "Local and State Taxes." The talks are sponsored by the Carmel Business Association.

## CHICKEN POX LEADS SICKNESS IN COUNTY, BUT NOT MUCH

Leading the list of communicable diseases in Monterey County for the week ending April 23, was chicken pox with a total of ten, according to a report from the health department. A total of nine venereal cases were reported, one diphtheria, one pneumonia, one scarlet fever, three tuberculosis and four whooping cough cases.

## LA COLLECTA HEARS PART OF SYDNEY CLARK'S BOOK

La Collecta Club met Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Clara Nixon with her daughter, Mrs. Cora Newton, acting as hostess. Mrs. Homer S. Bodley, Jr., read the chapter on Hollywood from Sydney Clark's new book, "Golden Tapestry of California," and Mrs. Vivi Harber played several violin selections. Mrs. Sarah W. Lawrence, who is visiting Mrs. Innes Warren, was a guest of the club. The next meeting will be on May 18 at the home of Mrs. Elizabeth Morgan at Fifth and Dolores.



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## Bechdolt Recommends Central Parking Be Stopped on Ocean Avenue; Has Backing of City Council

(Continued from Page One)

Herbert Heron, ill at home, should have had air waves out of the council chamber into his own. He would have gotten out of Bechdolt's slings and arrows of delightful fortune the elixir that would cure the worst cold in the world—for Heron.

### Bechdolt's Evening

It was clearly Bechdolt's evening and he held it by right of responsibility. At the previous council meeting he had handed to him requests galore for recommendations and he came back necessarily with recommendations galore in answer to the requests.

He first took up the matter of a survey of the police department and the traffic problem. He said he thought surveys would, in the first place, cost more than the city could afford at this time; second, that they could not be taken and acted on in time to meet the emergencies of the coming, or present, summer; and, third, that his own investigation of methods in other cities nearby, in conjunction with the chief of police, would go far toward meeting the present situation and carry us through the trying months.

He declared that he had been in communication with August Vollmer, famous police expert, and had obtained many ideas, and the suggestion that William Wiltberger, one of Vollmer's former lieutenants and now a police expert himself of national note, be obtained to make the proposed survey.

But although Wiltberger could be employed for \$25 a day and would require only two or three week-ends to do the work, Bechdolt thought that the cost would be more than the city could pay out of its now-diminished treasury. He would rather spend the money this summer for extra police help on traffic and on the beach.

He believed that a study of the traffic and police situation in Palo Alto would give Carmel a good working plan for the summer and that a survey could be taken later. We can't see how Palo Alto has a traffic and police problem analogous with ours, but Bech seemed to see it, and won the favor of the council in his plan to investigate the college city's methods.

As to the beach trouble of Easter week, he said that through cooperation with the park and playground commission he believed the situation could be met. He reported that two-sided signs are to be placed at the various entrances to the beach. Facing arriving visitors the signs would call attention to ordinances; facing departing guests they would ask if the ordinances had been complied with.

Incidentally, a communication was received by the council from the park and playground commission asking for \$300 to purchase and erect seven more refuse incinerators on the beach. This was granted.

At the next meeting of the council, on May 18, Bechdolt will ask for an extra police officer, at \$130 a month, from May 30 to Labor Day, to patrol the beach and be available at all hours.

In the meantime, the park and playground commission will have the use of a man from the street department to aid in keeping the beach clean.

### Backs Up On Jail

Bechdolt backed water on the proposal he made a week ago for a jail in Carmel. He finds now that

the cost would be in the neighborhood of \$900, and the city can't afford it. He said he thought he had a way out of it with the granting of permission by the council for the police to use taxicabs, or conveyances driven by other parties when prisoners are being transported to Monterey. This would relieve the conveying officer of danger in driving a car and guarding a prisoner at the same time. He also provides that an officer off-duty be called to fill up the gap in the department when an arresting officer is over the hill.

Bechdolt declared that in the matter of traffic he had talked with many persons and studied the situation thoroughly, with the result that he was ready to recommend, did so recommend, and would fight for the removal of all automobile parking in the center of Ocean avenue.

"But what about the business people?" asked Clara Kellogg. "I'm afraid they will fight vigorously."

It was then Bechdolt added to Carmel's list of epochal remarks:

"What if they do? No organized minority can raise any hell with me. And I'm not grandstanding, either."

He went on to say with emphasis that he was certain this was in big part the answer to the traffic problem in Carmel, a situation which he declared is disgraceful.

"Why, even a good driver, backing out into the line of traffic from the central parking place, holds up the traffic for two blocks and more. A poor driver blocks it to the horizon."

Chief of Police Bob Norton backed the commissioner up on this: "I've seen traffic stalled for four blocks in 30 seconds by a driver backing out of the central parking," he said.

"But where are they going to park?" asked Miss Kellogg.

"Sixth, Seventh, Eighth," was the answer she got from half a dozen voices. And to sum up the rest of the replies: "Why can't shoppers walk a block or two? They have to in other cities. An automobile driver shouldn't expect to get in any given spot in the business district whenever he wants to. There are other automobile drivers."

### To Curb Delivery Trucks

The matter of delivery trucks parking double was brought up, and the city attorney is going to look into regulation of merchandise deliveries, as is done in other cities, prohibiting such deliveries during certain hours of the day.

"All Carmel has is its simplicity and beauty," said Bechdolt. "We have to conserve that. We are killing those trees down the center of Ocean avenue. The strip should be parked, as it is between Mission and Junipero. Those trees mean more to Carmel than all the week-end cars we've ever had."

Councilman Smith, an expert on such matters, said that otherwise there is no way to save the trees.

So, on Wednesday night, May 18, the council will give consideration to immediate action on the adoption of an ordinance to wipe out central parking on Ocean avenue, to provide a parking limit at curbs in the business district, to hire a traffic officer for duty during three months of the summer. The council will also act on Bechdolt's request for policing the beach and warning those who use it.

The commissioner of police wants these things rushed through and operative by May 30 so that on the

Memorial Day week-end he can sally forth and do battle with the young people who, he says, have it in their minds that anything goes in Carmel.

And he plans to get more cooperation between his office, the chief of police and the police judge. He says collection of fines is not the end and aim of enforcing the law, but that stiff action, even to first offenders, by the police court would not only give us acceptable revenue, but would help materially to stop apparent contempt for our laws.

Chief Norton rose at this point, or somewhere near it, to remark that if the council wanted him to stiffen his police authority he would do so. All he wants is to be told.

It looks very much as though Bechdolt is going to tell him.

+ + +

## Streamliners Now Smell, But Not To You

The cute little fur-bearing animal, whose peculiar way of warding off personal danger has long made him a social outcast, has reason to be proud and happy today. For at last he has taught man a useful lesson, one that is proving especially helpful in railroading.

As witness a recent bulletin directed to Southern Pacific trainmen and engineers by W. L. Hack, superintendent of the company's Sacramento division:

"Roller bearing boxes on the streamliner City of San Francisco are equipped with odor bombs which discharge an obnoxious odor in the event the journal bearings run excessively hot. When you detect such odor, train should be stopped and an inspection made."

Passengers, of course, will never be aware of the latest means of preventing operating delays, for they ride in air-conditioned cars with sealed windows and tight-fitting doors. So they can give whole-hearted thanks.

+ + +

## Drinking Glasses Under Scrutiny

For several months the Monterey County Health Department sanitation personnel have been conducting a program of improvement in drinking glass sterilization in eating places and where drinks are dispensed. Excellent cooperation has been given in every establishment by the management.

The glasses are sterilized, after mechanical cleansing, either by hot water or in a solution containing a strong solution of a chlorine compound. The sterilization efficiency is being checked by testing the strength of the solution used, where chlorine is the agent, and also by obtaining samples of the antiseptic solution. These are taken to the county laboratory for total bacteria count.

When the program started, it was found that many establishments were obtaining excellent results. In others improvements were necessary either in the equipment or the method employed.

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**MATTRESSES,** box springs and day-ports re-made or repaired. We specialize in inner-spring mattresses. Monterey Mattress Shop. Tel. 3785. P.O. Box 568. (17)

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**TWO ORIENTAL RUGS** for trade or sale. Antique glass pieces. Fine old dresser. All in my home. Dorothy Chapman, Santa Fe near Ocean or P. O. Box 716. (18)

### WANTED—MISCELLANEOUS

**PARTNER WANTED.** Would you like to enter a refined, dignified and permanent business in Carmel? An opportunity awaits an educated woman or man with \$500 which will be fully secured. Particulars only in personal interview. References exchanged. Address Box L-24, Cymbal Office. (18)

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## Special Treat in Store for Us By Reason Of Viola Morris and Victoria Anderson

For those of you to whom the ancient art of part-singing is something very especial, a treat is in store. On next Saturday evening, May 14, at Pine Inn, the Denny-Watrous Management will present Viola Morris and Victoria Anderson in a program of the songs of old—and a few of modern—times.

Miss Morris and Miss Anderson are Englishwomen of considerable reputation here and abroad. Of a

recent recital they gave in Aeolian Hall in New York, the N.Y. Times said: "The two voices make more than a duet . . . they blend to a thought." Bernard Shaw called them magnificent. Singing with the fine madrigal spirit, they achieve, Dene says, that pure disembodiment of voice that is the enchanting quality of two-part singing.

Owen Anderson will be at the piano and the program follows:

The Search—The Moon Cantata—  
Sound the Trumpet  
Wiegenlied  
Die Schwestern

Miss Morris and Miss Anderson

Have you ever seen but a whyte lillie grow?  
Spring  
The Sea Wreck

Miss Morris

The Lamb  
The Graceful Swaying Wattle  
The Sea Garden  
Spring

Miss Morris and Miss Anderson

Vieni O Figlio—Otono

Handel, arr. by Crowder

The Riddle Song

Kentucky Folk Song arr. by Cecil Sharp

The Twelve Days of Christmas

Traditional air arr. by Frederic Austin

Miss Anderson

The Kerry Dance

Arr. by Alex Rowley

Afton Water (unaccompanied)

Old Scotch Air arr. by Moffat

Le Coeur de ma Mie

Dalcrose

Now is the Month of Maying

Arr. by S. Liddle

Miss Morris and Miss Anderson

## 'East Lynne,' Next Play at First Theater, Getting Into Its Stride

"East Lynne" under the Denny-Watrous Management and featuring the Troupers of the Gold Coast was getting into its stride Monday night. Lloyd Weer, with a good-sized camera, a box of film and a whole Santa Claus sack of patience, was saying Now look at her as if you couldn't keep your fingers off her, and That's fine—that's just fine, and Do you really mind posing with a bottle of whiskey, Bob Bratt?

There were those beautiful girls, Flavia and Rosalie, in demurely ravishing period frocks. Did someone say to me once that Flavia Flavin wasn't really beautiful? Oh, but you should take a notebook and try to write her down, as I did. She is endless material; she comes out from within in the most exquisite gestures; she can be as still as an animal, except that she does it consciously, forcing her stillness into form and beauty; she flows, outwardly and from inside, so that it seems odd there is not always music to accompany her; except when her own lyric voice is beating. These qualities make great actresses. These and untiring work. Well anyway, Lloyd took their pictures.

Then he took Little Willie's—Oliver Bassett's. Don't ask me why they wanted to pose Little Willie, who so lacrimously passes into the Great Beyond in the play, with a Rocky Mountain goat. They wanted Oliver to be funny, for some reason, but even Oliver would find it difficult to be as funny as a Rocky Mountain goat. And anyway, I could have told them something. When I called at Oliver's house to get him, I saw that his chart on which he keeps his moods indicated for the benefit of his family, read: Beware. That meant he was not in conjunction with Rocky Mountain goats just then. However, the pictures ought to be all right.

Just as I had to leave, I caught sight of George Marion telling Marion Todd to cross over this way and look like this. And that remarkable gentleman succeeded in looking just like Marion Todd.

As has already been announced, the dates for "East Lynne" are May 27, 28, 29 and 30. The play will be repeated on June 3, 4 and 5; the third of June being Monterey's birthday.

What with "East Lynne" (Denny-Watrous Management), "Stage Door" (Management of Carmel Players) and a repeat of the Carmel Beach Tragi-Comedy (not yet cast and definitely mis-managed), our Memorial Day week-end promises a rich if somewhat furiously balanced diet.

The cast, which was shaping up with gusto and promises to be one of the finest yet, is: Flavia Flavin as Lady Isabel; Gordon Knowles as Archibald Carlyle; Rosalie James as Barbara Hare; Ross C. Miller as Sir Francis Levison; Franklin Dixon as Lord Mount Severn; Marion Todd as Miss Corney; Harry Hedger as Richard Hare; Bob Bratt as Mr. Dill; Thelma B. Miller as Joyce; Willa M. McIntosh as Wilson and Oliver Bassett as Little Willie.

—L. S.

+

Mrs. George Wishart has been confined to her home with flu this week.

+

Gregory Beck from London visited friends in Carmel and Pebble Beach last week.

**Play Golf!**  
... on the course overlooking Monterey Bay



**PACIFIC GROVE Municipal Links**  
Telephone 3456

## Thelma Miller Woman's Club President

At the final meeting of the Carmel Woman's Club Monday afternoon, Mrs. Ross C. Miller was elected president for the coming year. Other officers named are Mrs. John E. Abernethy, vice-president; Mrs. E. Frederick Smith, recording secretary; Mrs. John Albee, corresponding secretary; Mrs. D. W. Roper, treasurer; Mrs. W. E. Hawthorne, director at large; Mrs. Margaret Heebner, press; Mrs. S. M. Baldwin, house chairman; Mrs. Saxton Pope, hospitality chairman; Mrs. Joseph B. McCarthy, revision chairman, and Mrs. John Fitch, program chairman. The nominating committee for the officers were Mrs. John Abernethy, chairman; Mrs. Coral Wreath Sly and Mrs. Ella Clement.

Mrs. H. S. Nye, retiring president, presided, and called for reports from committee chairmen and officers. Mrs. James Ainsworth read the treasurer's report which showed that the Club has a good savings account and a large balance in the commercial account.

Mrs. Nye read the president's report showing that the Club now has a membership of 117 with 26 new members. She expressed her appreciation for the interest shown during the year and called on Mrs. Miller to say a few words as the new president.

The program for the meeting was in charge of the Garden Section which had obtained as speaker for the afternoon Professor Francis E. Lloyd. He spoke on "Carnivorous Plants" and illustrated his lecture with slides. He was assisted in showing the slides by Laidlaw Williams.

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## ALGER FAST DIES IN SOUTH AFTER LONG ILLNESS

Alger Fast, one of the most popular public utility officials ever to come to the Monterey Peninsula, died last Saturday in Riverside, California, where he had gone to recuperate from a prolonged illness. Fast was manager of the water company which serves all peninsula homes, and had his offices in Pacific Grove. He was prominent in club life here and in San Francisco. He leaves a wife, Mary H. Fast, and three sons, Alger, Jr., Robert W., and J. Douglas.

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Cara King Voorhees from Manteca, frequent Carmel visitor, spent a few days here this week. Her first book, "At Least It Rhymes," privately printed book of newspaper verse, has just come out.

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## Menu at Sunset Next Week

Monday: Peach salad, cream of carrot soup, macaroni surprise, asparagus, ice cream.

Tuesday: Molded fruit salad, cream of tomato soup, hot dogs, artichokes, raisin pudding.

Wednesday: Egg salad, vegetable soup, mashed potatoes, string beans, ice cream.

Thursday: Carrot salad, ABC soup, tamale pie, spinach, jello.

Friday: Pineapple chunklet salad, cream of asparagus soup, cheese souffle, carrots, ice cream.

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## KAY THE POTTER HAS WORK IN CERAMIC EXPOSITION

Kay (the Potter) Kinney was in town last week-end, en route from her Berkeley home to Los Angeles where she has some of her very best things in the Western Ceramic Exposition at Los Angeles. By the way, Kay has some all-fired good clay of the Carmel Mission which the Corner Cupboard is displaying—and selling.

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The first waking thought on Friday morning of more than 3,000 people in the Carmel area is: "This is Cymbal day!" And it's a happy thought.



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